

The Works of William Shakespeare
containing all his Comedies, Histories, and
Tragedies, as they have been printed, according to the
True Originall Copies.

The Names of the Principal Actors
in some of the most famous of his Plays.

Alone, Vol. 1



THE TEMPES

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswaine.

Master.

Ore-swaine.

Boatswaine. Heere Master: What cheere?

Master. Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our selues a ground, bestirre, bestirre. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boatswaine. Heigh my hearts, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppes-fall: Tend to th' Masters whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.

Alonso. Good Boatswaine haue care: where's the Master? Play the men.

Boatswaine. I pray now keepe below.

Antonio. Where is the Master, Boatswaine?

Boatswaine. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do asist the storme.

Gonzalo. Nay, good be patient.

Boatswaine. When the Seas is hence, what cares these roarrers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.

Gonzalo. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatswaine. None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vfe your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thanks you haue liu'd so long, and make your selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I say. *Exit.*

Gonzalo. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: Stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exit.*

Enter Boatswaine.

Boatswaine. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Mainie-course. A plague vpon this. *Enter Sebastian, Antonio & Gonzalo.*

upon this howling: they or our office: yet againe giue ore and drowne, ha

Sebastian. A poxe o' your tamous incharitable Dog.

Boatswaine. Worke you the

Antonio. Hang cur, hang, maker, we are lesse afraid

Gonzalo. Ile warrant him Ship were no stronger the

an vnstanchd wench.

Boatswaine. Lay her a hold, a to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners.

Mariners. All lost, to pray

Boatswaine. What must our

Gonzalo. The King, and Pri

for our case is as theirs.

Sebastian. I am out of patien

Antonio. We are meely chea

This wide-chopt-rasall,

ning the washing of ten T

Gonzalo. Hee'l be hang'd y

Though eury drop of wa

And gape at widt to glur

Mercy on vs.

We split, we split, Farew

Farewell brother: we spli

Antonio. Let's all sinke w

Sebastian. Let's take leaue of

Gonzalo. Now would I gi

for an Acre of barren gre

firs, any thing: the wills

faine dye a dry death.

Scena

Enter Prospero.

Miranda. If by your Art

Put the wild waters in thi

The skye it seemes woule

But that the Sea, mountin

Dashes the fire out. Oh

With those that I saw suff